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# Isn't It So?



By  
Nettie Seeley Murphy

Pictured by  
J.C. Coll

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Fellie Blume Sterne



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ISN'T IT SO?





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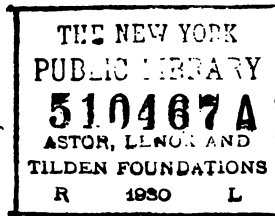
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By NETTIE SEELEY MURPHY  
Published December, 1902

NOV 1931  
CLERK  
VIA RAIL

*Electrotyped and Printed by  
J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, U. S. A.*

BEQUEST  
ESTATE OF SETTIE BLUME STERN  
JUNE 10, 1930

I

**Dedicate**

THESE FEW SCRAPS TO MY  
DEAREST FRIEND, MY WISEST  
COUNSELLOR, MY SHARPEST  
CRITIC

MY HUSBAND



IN this little book I have not hesitated to set down the fruits of varying moods. If the result sometimes is rather grotesque, be it remembered that the proverbs are few which are not contradicted by others.

And it would hardly be fair to judge an author's personality by what he writes. One writes from one's observation of life, and not always from one's experience. If any of my amiable cynicisms shock or surprise my readers, let it be known from the housetops that no happier wife, no prouder mother, no more contented and serenely satisfied woman lives than is

THE AUTHOR





*An old man who marries a young woman is getting hold of a problem for some other man to solve.*

Men go to the devil with a hop, a skip, and a jump, with both eyes intent on his Majesty. Women go to the devil with at least *one* eye on departing decency.

Love is the only thing that tides us over the rough places in life.

Wrinkles are trenches where passion lies buried.

Men marry to kill Ennui.

The woman who marries commits two errors. She increases the population of the world and increases the egotism of man.

If women's brains were as strong as their hearts,  
the combination would conquer heaven.

Marriage is a book the preface of which is  
always entertaining, the contents variegated, and  
the finale a relief.

It only takes a gill measure to hold most men's  
morals.

It is a pity that sometimes vicious people amuse  
and virtuous people bore us.

Experience gained educates the heart, but the  
illusions lost thereby break the heart.

All women love, but the Lord is good to some  
of them, and takes them before they have time to  
repent.

A man asks, "Is she pretty?" A woman asks,  
"Is he rich?"

Do not be in a hurry to get down from your  
thrones, pretty queens! There are plenty of  
weary wives at the base!

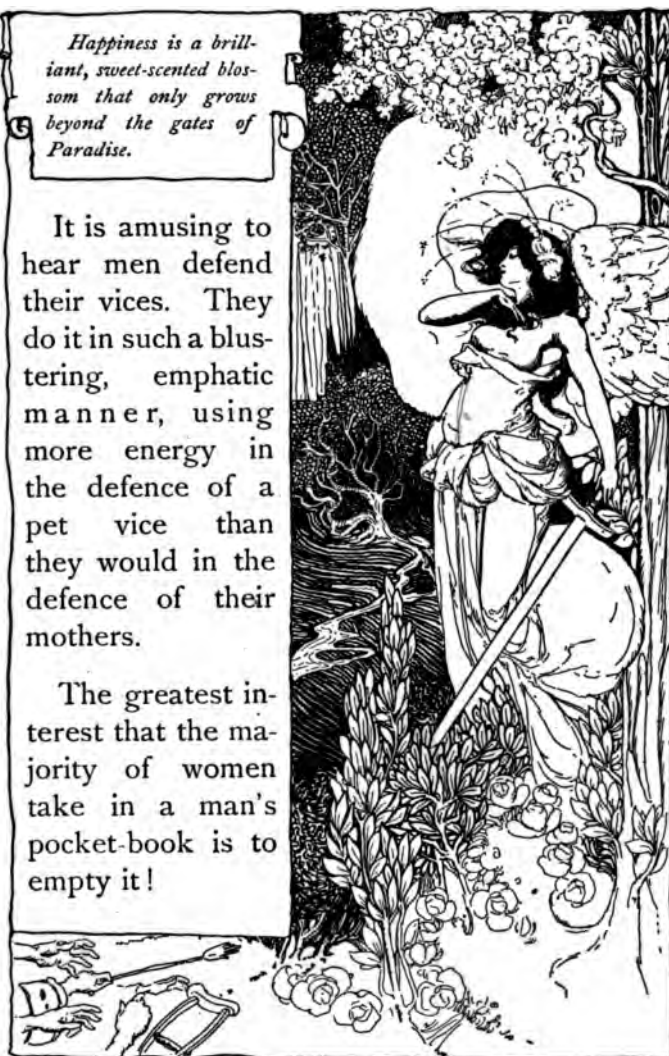
There is but one rule for the understanding of  
women. Take them exactly contrary to what  
they say.

The price of love is eternal vigilance.

*Happiness is a brilliant, sweet-scented blossom that only grows beyond the gates of Paradise.*

It is amusing to hear men defend their vices. They do it in such a blustering, emphatic manner, using more energy in the defence of a pet vice than they would in the defence of their mothers.

The greatest interest that the majority of women take in a man's pocket-book is to empty it!







*A woman is never so good  
that she is not flattered  
when a man goes to the  
dogs for her.*

When a man boasts of  
the abilities or perfections  
of his wife, it is always  
done with the insinuation  
that she is but a reflection of  
himself!

A man's honesty is in proportion to his opportunities, and a woman's virtue in proportion to her charms.

God has set a cup of sorrow, more or less full, before each one of us; and most of us are supplied with a good-sized spoon to sup it with.

Men are prone to make resolves—after they are caught!

Women are a heaven when you want them, and a hell when you don't!

The head-women attract us. The heart-women fasten us.

✓ Marriage is either heaven or hell. There is no purgatory in its vocabulary.

Collectively, man's fidelity is dependent on his opportunities. Individually, upon his wife's shrewdness.

Men are wolves seeking whom they may devour. Women are sheep anxious to be devoured.

A man propitiates a woman with diamond rings and gewgaws. A woman propitiates a man with crocodile tears, soft fibs, and warmed-over caresses.

The world was made for man's especial delectation; all women know that. But as there is always a law of compensation, man was made for woman to buffet about as suits her caprice; all shrewd women know that, too !

Men are generous beasts, even in their vices; women are mercenary creatures, even in their virtues.

When one woman is especially fond of another woman, look out for the man in the case !

All life for woman outside of marriage is either danger or drudgery.

Life is a corduroy road that money can smooth, and love can lighten.

Jealousy is Love's hydrophobia.

No one is thoroughly honest. Every one has an axe to grind. The only contention is, which one shall turn the grindstone?

The woman who is intensely virtuous is the woman who intensely bores you.

Life is a stupendous worry wheel, and its spokes are love, passion, avarice, and ambition. Its only recommendation for being is that it finally whirls you into Eternity.

It goes without saying that all women are feline. Some have not brains or force enough to be sedate, respectable tabbies, but only succeed in being *very* mischievous kittens.

Life is a huge bore to one-half of humanity, and a huge sore to the other half.

A man will leave no stone unturned to get the woman he loves. After he has her, and he has to replace some of the stones, he wonders and curses at their weight!

Man's jealousy is in proportion to his vanity. Woman's jealousy is in proportion to her love.

Every man is clay in some woman's hands. If she is a good woman she moulds him into a god. If bad she makes of him a fiend or a fool.

A woman who bores a man may as well toss in her chips. His days of bondage are over.

Love may be reality, but happiness is a chimera.

One has to make sacrifices to respectability sometimes!

Women, the very wisest of them, have a child-like faith in man's fidelity. Considering the animal they are dealing with, it would be ludicrous, if it were not pitiful.

Egotism, because of our qualities, is asinine. It is assuming to ourselves the gifts of God.

Money doesn't make happiness. There is many a heartache behind plenty of money!

Hunt for the good in mankind and you will find abundance to cheer your heart. Hunt for the evil and you will find enough to chill the marrow in your bones.

One may inspire love, but one cannot buy it. It is a commodity wholly unpurchasable by coin.

Marriage, unless based upon an intense love, a tried respect, congeniality of nature and pursuit, can never bring aught but disaster.

All happiness has an end. It is only misery that lasts through the ages.

One half of life is spent in anticipation, the other half in regret.

One writes a sweeter strain when the pen is dipped in tears.

A horse and a woman are the two most beautiful things in nature,—and the two most dangerous, unless under subjection !

Poor women hide many a heartache behind “Oh, nothing !”

There is hope for the villain, he may be reformed, but there is no hope for the fool. He is irreclaimable.

Opportunity is the devil's private secretary.

We always have money for our vices, if we have not for our victuals.

If you desire to be a thorough bore, harp upon your bodily ailments or your latest religious convictions.

A variety of husbands means a variety of experience, and a variety of experience means a variety of lost illusions.

A man will walk from New York to San Francisco for a bit of femininity and then curse himself for a fool all the way back.

Everything that a woman gets of value in this world comes through some man's heart and some man's pocket-book. The sooner she learns how to conquer the one, the sooner will she find the other wide open to her.

Opportunity is the slayer of virtue, the menace of honesty.

The man who smiles too much is smiling the money out of your pocket, or the wife out of your heart.

To man the most desirable woman on earth is the woman he can't get!



*The wickedest a man is in this world, the more fool-women he will find to "poor thing" him.*

One half the world trades upon the gullibility of the other half.

Repentance is very deep—the next day !

Beauty may be shallow, but it has depth enough to drown many a man's soul.

Plenty of money is a very easy cushion to sit upon.

The man who has no religion in him may be only a crank. The woman who has no religion in her must be evil.

A person without magnetism is like champagne without fizz.

Sentimentality between women is ridiculous. It can never mean anything but hypocrisy.

People who love intensely always quarrel. It is only when there is a quiet friendship between them that they are peaceable.

One smiles to conceal a broken heart, as one covers a wound with court-plaster.

When a woman has "views," she is usually left alone with them.

Women would be good if men would be true.

To assume success is very often to bring success.

Every heart has its sacrifice, every soul has its unsatisfied longing. That is the immortal part of us.

Hypocrisy is as necessary to success as salt is to meat.

If you wish your grande passion to last, don't put the microscope on it !

Many a man would rather face a battery of guns than a woman's angry eyes.

Man's egotism is only exceeded by man's hypocrisy.

Virtue and Honesty walk hand in hand until they meet Opportunity, when she settles the job !

Beware of the man whom dogs and children shun, and of the woman who has not friends among her own sex.

Without love life is scarcely worth the living. With it the worst blows of fortune fall comparatively muffled and harmless. So long as we love and are beloved, we can bear the whips and stings of fate.





*If you can find the weakest point in a man's character, you will have found the point by which you can rule him.*

A man's sins are but indiscretions. A woman's sins are black as Erebus. A man's virtues are lauded to the skies. A woman's virtues are—well! only what they ought to be!

One glance from a woman's eye will level any man's attack.

So long as a man's pleasures are legitimate, a wife is a fool to raise her voice in protest. She will only drive him to more dangerous ones.

Intelligence is the only substantial capital and never depreciates. Its dividends are always certain.

If women demanded of men what men demand of women there would be no marriages.

Marriage is too often but a refuge.

To be happy one needs but one supreme quality—serenity. With that everything else follows.

A woman never gets so old that she ceases to worry about her complexion or to speculate upon the age of the woman next door !

Old men are bold men, and bold men are nauseating !

Close mental application is the best medicine for a wounded heart.

Men throw virtue, religion, and money out of the window. Women throw health, time, and sincerity.

If I were asked what is the largest part of woman, I should say her imagination ! She can imagine more in five minutes than a man can perform in five years.

Dogs are your surest friends. They never talk back, never say "I told you so !" never ask to borrow a dollar.

The widow has the freedom of the young girl and the wisdom of the married woman. Therein lies her fascination.

Nothing pleases a very young man so much as to be considered blasé. Nothing pleases an old man so much as to be considered still irresistible with the women.

To fall in love is to bid good-by to liberty of thought, liberty of body, liberty of time.

Love has two diseases to combat,—Satiety and Indigestion.

An intelligent villain is endurable. One can defend himself against his villany and enjoy his intellectuality. But a fool is unendurable from any point of view.

There is no woman who does not respect integrity in a man, however much she may tempt him to lose it.

It isn't time, temper, place, or circumstance that makes the average marriage a failure. It is the *déjà connu* that few natures can withstand.

Men complain that women tempt them ! And there is not an hour in the twenty-four that they do not wish they were St. Anthony !

If men took as much pains to increase their wife's love as they do to increase their bank account, the divorce courts would soon go out of business !

Bait your trap with some form of Vanity, and there is not a son of Adam who will not nibble at the bait, if he does not swallow it whole !

There is nothing so exasperating as a dead calm at sea or a dead calm in man or woman.

Jealousy is love lost in a fog.

An intense love combined with an intense unselfishness are the only things that will stand the intense fire of marriage.

It is the pin-pricks of life that wear one out, not the big blows. Trifling annoyances occur every day. Great troubles occur once or twice in a lifetime.

An absorbing love is as necessary to happiness as an absorbing faith is necessary to salvation.

Jealousy is a hell the flames of which are fanned by selfishness and wounded vanity.

A man goes into marriage with all fours. A woman goes into marriage with one eye always on the main chance.

Ninety out of every hundred women go to their graves as martyrs. The other ten commit enough devilry to overbalance the martyrdom of the other ninety.

First marriage is an experiment. Second marriage is happiness. Third marriage is folly.

Love is one grand sweet song. Death checks the melody, but Eternity takes up the refrain.

When a man marries a girl he jumps to the conclusion that she is an angel with sprouting wings, just ready to ascend! When he marries a widow he is quite confident she has enough leaven in her composition to keep her on mother earth!

Plenty of money does not always mean ease of body, ease of mind, ease of heart or soul.

A woman prizes ability in a man in one direction only—ability to make money.

In dealing with a man, woman needs but to possess one trait—flattery!

Collectively, women are idiots. Individually, they are angels.

Women who boast of past conquests are always those who are incapacitated from making present ones.

The man who says "No" the most decisively to his fellows is the man who says "Yes" the most easily to a woman.

The frailties of our neighbors so jar upon our nerves that we cannot stand the extra shock of our own!



*The women who are shocked at the exhibition of other women's charms are usually those who have none of their own.*

The axe that you are helping your neighbor to grind may be the one he will use to chop down your cherry-tree!

Anxiety and Ennui are the pencils that Time uses to draw wrinkles.

So long as a woman bears her cross uncomplainingly, a man piles on another, until he has buried her beneath them. It is the woman who protests that is respected and beloved.

To get along agreeably with a man, a woman must concede that he is a bit wiser than she—even when he is known to be the biggest fool in Christendom !

A man may take a deeper pride in the mentality of his wife than he does in her beauty ; but it is always a more beautiful woman that rivals her in his affections.

Don't always be putting a microscope on the defects of your friends. Probably your own would not stand a very weak magnifying-glass.

Jealousy is a worm that could often be crushed if we could read the heart that incited it.

Don't worry about the fidelity of your beloved if he is very much occupied. Occupation is a poisonous dose to infidelity.

The pride a man takes in his wife is always based on her ability to please others rather than on her ability to please him.

Whatever appeals to the passions of men or the vanity of women is sure to make money.

If you can't protect your own from the pitfalls and temptations of life, don't expect other people to do it.

The devotees of society have nothing to show for their slavery but wasted money and wasted energies.

Happiness is a great wrinkle-eraser.

A man has a nasty way of thinking that when a woman has reached fifty she is good for nothing but to darn stockings and say prayers !

Opportunity woos Temptation, and the name of their progeny is Crime.

People who pose as martyrs are usually people who make martyrs of those around them.

The true garment of happiness is contentment. Luxuries are but the trimmings.

Love is the slave. Passion is the tyrant.

Happiness is a bird we are all *trying* to catch. Has any one ever caught so much as a tail feather ?

A woman would possibly *enjoy* going at as rapid a gait as a man, but if she have any wit at all, she learns early in life that rapid gaits for women do not reach a desirable termination.

Principles are things we keep on tap to govern others.





*After a man has drunk to the bottom every cup of pleasure, and found the dregs bitter and worthless, he is usually very intolerant of other people who are only now sipping the foam.*

The egotism of the suicide is stupendous. He dares to assume that the judgment of God will be adjusted to suit his petty miseries !

A woman who is too good bores a man. A woman who is too wicked horrifies him. She must have a mixture of angel and devil to meet the requirements of his own composite nature.

The flower of love needs constant tendering and nourishing before it will bring forth the fruit of constancy and devotion.

Men and women love to play with fire, always trying to make themselves believe that it will not burn.

However much we may regret our follies, the regret is seldom deep enough to prevent a recommitment.

Hunt for happiness. There's a lot of it lying around, and Misery is a miserable bed-fellow.

What does it matter when the end comes whether we lived in high or low estate so long as we lived justly? The gate of death is very narrow, and we can take nothing through it but the tired, tortured soul that will be glad enough for its well-earned rest.

To be vain of the gifts God has given us is to assume that we are His elect, which is the acme of egotism, and to rebel at the gifts He has denied us is to question His wisdom, which is the depth of sinfulness.

It may be bliss for a woman to be in ignorance of a man's follies. But it is a bliss so insipid, it must nauseate him to see it.

We may forget those who love us, but we never forget those who have wounded our *amour-propre*.

Even if married life does bring cares, and perhaps troubles, there are two to bear them instead of one.

When *we* have turned our back on Vice, and are following in Virtue's pathway, how intolerant we are of other people's wanderings!

It isn't the twist of his mustache or the color of his necktie that makes the man. It's the gray matter he has in his head and the green matter he has in the bank that we take off our hats to!

When you accuse a man of wrong-doing, if he button-holes you and says "Now, my good fellow, let me explain!" it is a foregone conclusion that he is guilty. Guilty people always want to explain. Honest people knock you down, either literally or figuratively.

Love is bosh! A chimera of excited brains! A plaything to amuse fools! A disease of the mind that needs the scalpel of truth! A passion, a desire, an interest, an imagination, that only needs time to dispel! There is only *one* love,—a mother's love for her child!

A certain amount of solitude is as necessary to the health of the soul as sunshine is necessary to the health of the body.

All married life has thorns with the roses. Wise people endure patiently the prick of their particular thorn.

Everything in the world is ephemeral but man's duplicity and woman's vanity. They, like the brook, "go on forever."

Don't worry over the idiosyncrasies of the one you love. You might keep busy worrying over your own!

Women suffer and wonder why they were born. Men drudge and wonder if the end will ever be. And God watches lovingly over each step taken towards eternity.

Young—one is rich with all the glories of life before him. Old—one is poor with all the lost illusions of life behind him.

Seeking new worlds to conquer means to the average man new men to relieve of their money and new women to relieve of their scruples.

Men are always crying that the opportunities for sin are so many for their sex. They forget to add that they go through the world with a horse-rake to gather them in!



*A virtue that has to be heralded is already lost.*

The cunning of a man's excuses is always in proportion to his wife's shrewdness.

The man who looks out of the tail of his eye does it to his advantage and to your undoing.

A woman has feeling, emotion, sentiment, impulse ; but she never has judgment or sense.

The tears that pride keeps from many a woman's eyes fall back on her heart to scald it.

If married people took as much pains to make a favorable impression on each other as they do on outsiders, the word failure would never be written after marriage.

It is sometimes easier to endure the agonies of life than to endure the bores of life.

Don't be too sure that you will always hold a woman's love. Your pocket-book may be empty some day !

Don't boast of your conquest of a man's heart. There's always another pair of eyes brighter than yours.

When Love begins to go down hill, the woman stands at the foot to lash him back and the man stands at the top to push him down.

A man uses up his best energies in being agreeable to other people, and then drags the dregs of himself home to a patient wife and expects her to "poor dear" him !

Marriage? Pouf! It's such a bore to be agreeable to the same person every day !

Second marriages are invariably the happiest. All the experimenting has been done on the first mates.

Many a woman who stitches her heart in her wedding trousseau cuts the stitches with the scissors Disappointment before the trousseau is half worn out.

To have the courage of one's convictions very often means to have the courage to make enemies.

If women paid as much attention to their morals as they do to their complexions, the sex would become divine.

Vice has at least one merit. It throws virtue into greater relief.

If you keep the cover on an empty box, you conceal its emptiness. If you keep a still tongue, you may conceal an empty head.

Grief for the dead is very often only grief for the embarrassments they leave behind them.

Men revere a good woman. They admire a brainy one, and pursue a handsome woman. They fear a shrewd woman, and go to the devil for a fascinating one. They adore the composite woman.

When women are smart enough to give a man a dose of his own medicine, all the other men in the world come forward to doctor him.

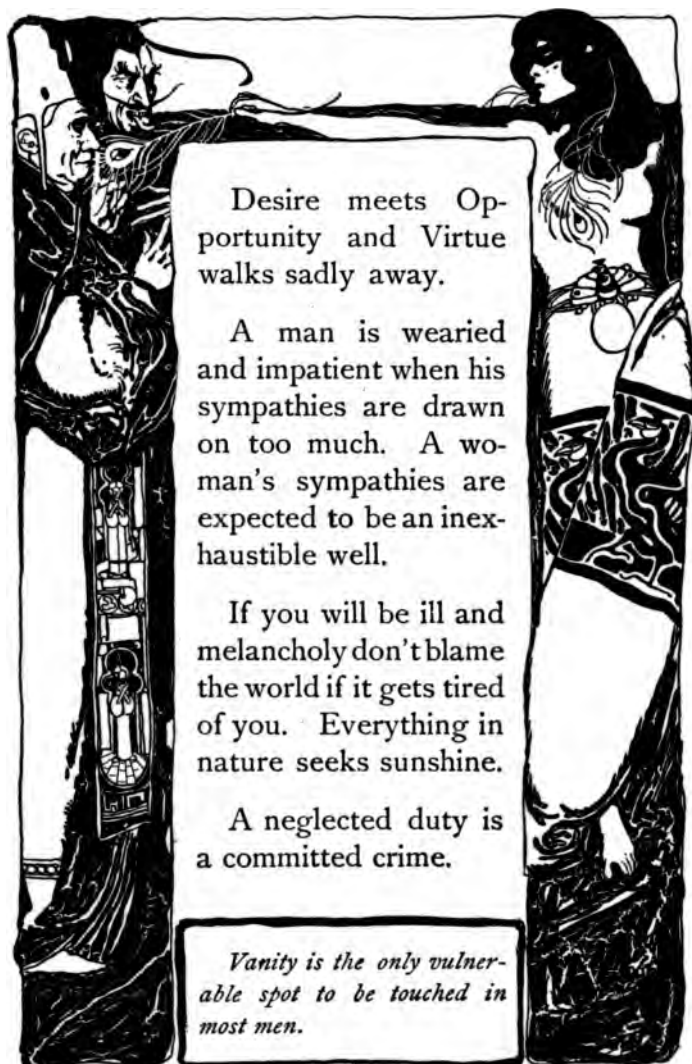
There is only one place in life where economy is not prudent. Economy in love! Love must be given profligately.

Few people are capable of a great love. The great bliss and great agony that attend it would crush a shallow heart and wreck a shallow mind.

The sad eyes of thousands of women have invariably but one cause. Father, brother, husband, lover, or son has wrenched the heart-strings.

The real enjoyment of life is during middle life. Youth's pleasures are foolish. Age's pleasures are stale.

A broken heart is so much more interesting in a woman of twenty-five than in a woman of fifty!



Desire meets Opportunity and Virtue walks sadly away.

A man is wearied and impatient when his sympathies are drawn on too much. A woman's sympathies are expected to be an inexhaustible well.

If you will be ill and melancholy don't blame the world if it gets tired of you. Everything in nature seeks sunshine.

A neglected duty is a committed crime.

*Vanity is the only vulnerable spot to be touched in most men.*



The female mind! What an imaginative, inconsistent, half-crazed thing it is! Calm to-day, wild to-morrow. Loving, tender, true, venomous, bitter, revengeful! A crazy bunch of inconsistent idiosyncrasies!

The inspiration of love is Heaven sent. Burdens are borne, crosses are carried, ignominy is endured, with but one reward,—a smile from the loved one.

Strength breeds honesty. Weakness breeds deceit.

Tears in the eyes show a wound that can be healed. Tears in the heart are like lava-drops that scorch and wither.

There are times in life when weakness is better than strength and deception better than truth, paradoxical as that may seem.

Something new! Something fresh! is the cry of humanity! Last night's play is a bore! Last year's love is old! Yesterday's newspaper is flat! Longfellow was right. "There are no birds in last year's nest!"

We scoff at Vanity; but if it were not for that little female, it is doubtful if humanity would even wear breech-clouts!

Politeness is invested capital that pays compound interest.

A man is a fool until he is forty. Woman would be also if she had the same liberty.

The finer the nature, the keener the suffering.  
The greater the soul, the deeper the repentance.

Women are always unreasonable when they do not agree with men !

Strong souls fight their own battles, solve their own problems, asking no other aid than God's. Light natures air their little troubles standing on the street corners, calling aloud to the crowd to come and see them weep !

Ninety per cent. of the men who go to the devil, women have sent there. The other ten per cent. go for the sheer love of going !

When a woman has to quarrel with a man to keep him, he is not worth the keeping—not to her.

When we are old, we sigh for lost opportunities. When we were young, we lived in fear of consequences.

Society—a synagogue of well-bred hypocrites.

Some men take oaths so easily! If they were hot coffee, they would choke to death!

It takes the trinity of a strong heart, strong love, and strong fidelity to weave an affection that braves unshattered the ups and downs of life.

The vanity that comes to us in old age is of much larger growth than that that came to us in our youth.

The hand never tires, the heart never weakens, in the service of those we love.

One cannot be tragic or earnest when one does not love. One is only weary.

Tell a man that he is a little bit wiser than his fellows, and he will bite your hook every time. Tell a woman that she is a little more fascinating than any other woman, and her scruples evaporate like dew under a hot sun.

Love's nectar is delicious—if one never came to the dregs!

Very busy people are never very wicked people. It takes time to plot mischief.

However much she may rant to the contrary, subjection is always woman's fate in the end.

*Don't be anxious to exhibit your mental qualifications. So much is expected of one who poses as wise.*

Men are clannish in regard to morals and seldom betray each other. Women delight in disclosing each other's peccadillos and miss one-half the freedom that men enjoy.

Marriage is the only satisfactory way for people to live. Everything outside of it is abnormal.

The happiest women dwell in the warm valley of love rather than on the cold hills of knowledge.

Things are never so black—or so white—as we paint them !

Vulgarity is like a cancer—always breaking out at unexpected times.

There is always a sacred corner in the heart of man where he hides his sweetest remembrances.



A love that is a love never dies any more than a truth does. If it dies, it never was a love, never was a truth.

The man who laughs long and loud at nothing is always a fool. He who laughs with a little sniff at the end of the laugh is egotistical. He who smiles and smiles continuously is foxy. The man who laughs with eyes, mouth, cheeks, and sides is a jolly, easy-going fellow that you can borrow money from. He who laughs with the mouth and not with the eyes is a villain. He who laughs not at all is either melancholy, revengeful, selfish, or studious. The man who laughs moderately and shows his upper teeth, making little, fine wrinkles at the corners of the eyes and mouth, is a square, good-natured fellow, and a good man to tie to.

The smallest finger on a baby's hand can lead a two-hundred-pound man where ten yoke of oxen could not drag him.



A knave may claim your interest if he cannot claim your respect. But a fool claims only your contempt.

*If "the good die first," what a lot of riff-raff there is left for us to wrestle with!*

To be seriously in love is hazardous. To be lightly in love is charming.

Tenacity of purpose will almost change the face of the earth.

It is preposterous to scoff at money. It buys you luxuries, health, so-called friends, make-believe loves, and other baubles that men hold dear ; but it cannot buy you heaven or the fond love in your baby's eyes.

To be really swell-bred, one must have manners, money, and meanness.

A man takes a woman's measure in a very brief space of time. He soon learns what she will and what she will not endure. What she will *not* suffer he never imposes on her *to* endure.

A thorough knowledge of one's deficiencies often leads to success.

Love is a tempestuous god,—all passion, all vagaries, all inconstancy. Friendship is a cautious damsel, calculating to a nicety where to bestow her regard. Love flies, Friendship stays.

There is only one rest for weariness of the soul—death. And only one rest for weariness of the heart—love.

The implacable hatred that women often have for each other may have no more serious foundation than that the other has a better complexion, richer furs, or larger diamonds. But the hatred is as adamant as the Rock of Gibraltar.

Going away for the benefit of one's health is often going away for the benefit of one's morals.

Society is a quicksand that swallows up genuine honesty.

Man is the most gullible animal alive. He believes anything he wishes to believe, and can be made to believe many things which he knows are not so!

If men did not have to answer to God, society, or a wife, the opportunities for real viciousness that they would embrace would be legion. While women, if there were no check whatever upon their conduct, their own innate delicacy would preserve them. Yet men are supposed to be the superior sex! God save the mark!

The terrible emptiness that death leaves can only be filled by some other warm human life.

Money can't buy sincerity, but it can buy a close counterfeit of it. And things counterfeit are about all one gets this side of Paradise!



*Poverty may be very uncomfortable, but at least it never has the gout.*

One cannot see much of the world's ways without becoming either a philosopher or an atheist.

Faith reposed imposes loyalty.

Men live but to grab some other man's money or some woman's virtue.

It is so hard a trade being a woman that it behooves us all to get as well paid as possible for the job!



Give of your money economically, of your time sparingly, of your charity generously, of your love profligately.

Honesty may be the best policy, but it is too often a policy that has small monetary value.

Man is the only animal that makes a fool of himself with his tongue.

To be familiar with one's inferiors is to give them an opportunity to get the laugh on you.

Money is the touchstone of all character. Not for intrinsic value, but for what it purchases.

When two people truly love, it is only a question of loving long enough, and strong enough, to be successful.

The only consolation for being a woman is a belief that in Eternity the sexes will be exchanged. Masculinity is ephemeral here, it is eternal there!

Never be ill. To be ill is to acknowledge yourself defeated in almost every walk of life.

If one is so unfortunate as to be born a woman, the best way to make that misfortune endurable is to play upon every string life holds out to her.

A suspicious nature is not a constant nature.

The heart that grieves the longest is the heart that loved the strongest.

There is nothing genuine in society but its money. Every one is either bored, or wearied, or has an axe to grind.

Man is a stupendous fool in callow youth and an egregious ass in old age. In the intermediate time he commits enough follies to strike to the earth with shame any other animal but that egotistical biped.

Morals are but a question of geography, and religious belief of circumstance.

Dignity is powerful. Familiarity weakens your cause.

Marriage is a medley of duty, drudgery, denials, love, laughter, license.

Literary people are never literal people.

Man is the only animal that weeps and the only one that commits enough follies to make the angels weep for him.

Egotism and idiotism are synonymous.

Conjugal happiness means thorough unselfishness.



Oh! the people that occupy the square holes that should be in the round holes, and *vice versa*! If Death does not even matters up, how we shall wriggle in Eternity!

Forgive a murder, some just cause may have been the motive. Forgive an immorality, some grand passion may have been the object. Forgive a thief, a hungry child may have been the incentive. But do not pardon a vulgarity. Only vulgar blood is capable of vulgar speech or action.

One must have a certain amount of money to be really charming!

A man is virtuous through interest, a woman through principle.

Money knocks at the front gate, and Honesty sneaks out by the back door.

Lazy people have no place in this busy world, and should have none in a just heaven.

To have outlived one's illusions is to have outlived one's happiness.

Children are God's blessing, God's burden, God's reward.

It is the eighth wonder of the world to be happily married, and the ninth wonder if it isn't your fault if you are not.

Jealousy is confessed weakness.

We spend our lives making rules for other people's morals.

Many women keep virtuous from modesty rather than from principle.

The language of the eye comes direct from the heart. The language of the tongue often comes direct from the devil.

One-half of mankind is virtuous and honest through fear of consequences hereafter. The other half through fear of being found out here.

Give every one the benefit of a doubt. You might be sadly in need of it yourself some day!

Death is a release from queries, quarrels, and quandaries.

Life! What is it? A bagatelle, a piece of thistle-down to be blown about by the winds of Fate. A football to be kicked hither and thither by Circumstance. A whiff of wind that begins with a wail and ends with a sigh!

Don't expose what you love to temptation any more than you would expose your money to a thief.

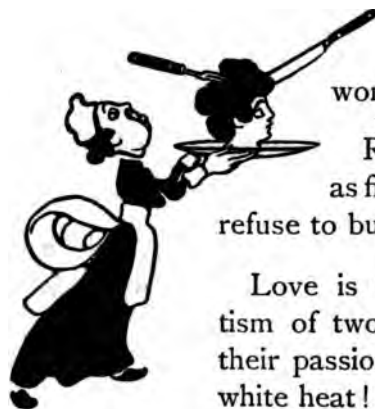
Lies are necessary evils to protect us from consequences.

Life is a catastrophe that but few make endurable.

A man is veneer and varnish to his sweetheart. He is the savage the Lord made him to his wife.

Women are always led (or misled) by some man.

Refuse to bear the first cross for a man, and he will never expect you to bear the second.



Vanity is the corner-stone of every woman's character.

Refuse to worry with as fine scorn as you would refuse to buy a gold brick.

Love is the stupendous egotism of two people who imagine their passion will always burn at white heat!

It's so nice for a man to have a haven of rest to fly to. Some comfortable, virtuous woman's bosom to lay his weary head upon. Some kind, listening ear in which to pour his woes. I repeat, it's so nice! After he's gone to the bottom of every flesh-pot in Egypt!

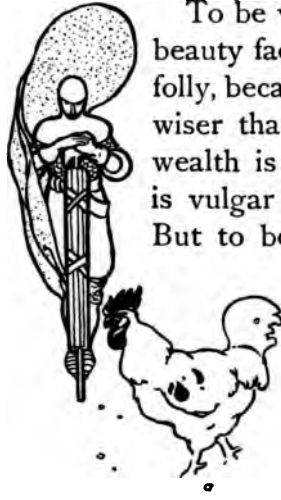
A man would be a savage if it were not for women. A woman would be a sloven if it were not for men. Each needs the civilizing influence of the other.

We are always going to be happy some time in the future. We are too intent upon the business of life to take time just now. But in the blissful future we really intend to take the time to enjoy life, love, art, family, leisure, travel! Alas! the beautiful future seldom comes! Most of us die in the harness.

A man demands more love than he gives, just as he demands interest for his money. He usually thinks he deserves usurious rates for his love as well as for his coin.

Love is the only thing that makes the catastrophe of being alive endurable.

When Love is dead and buried, never visit his grave.



To be vain of beauty is silly, because beauty fades. To be vain of brains is folly, because there is always some one wiser than ourselves. To be vain of wealth is idiocy, because mere wealth is vulgar and no evidence of worth. But to be proud of character, blood, and breeding is admissible to all right-minded people.

Platonic love is only possible when passion has gone to seed !

When the heart is weary,  
hands are weary, feet are weary, brain is weary !

A woman is born a temptress. She can no more help using her inheritance from Mother Eve than she can help breathing.

How preposterous in women to imagine they are always going to be interesting to the man they love ! When a man has drained one glass of ale, he often asks for another !

When men pursue riches and power they do sometimes remember there is a God overhead. When they pursue women and passion they only know there is a devil urging them on.

It is not that women are more honest than men ; it is that they are more fearful of consequences.

Some women's hearts are broken by infidelity, others are mended by diamond rings.

There isn't a man on the face of the earth who isn't afraid of a woman. He assumes a great deal of bluster and bravado, but that is a bubble of wind that any woman can prick if she only knows how.

The only thing a man will not endure from woman is indifference. He cannot brook the idea that His Majesty *could* be ignored.

Before Love is through with his victim he either breaks or hardens the heart.

One is foolish to chase after Happiness. No one ever yet caught her. It is much wiser to philosophically accept the inevitable. And the end comes some time.

A new experience is fascinating to a man, even though it lead to a doubtful or bitter end.

Marriage is an institution that legalizes the bartering of wives and the fooling of husbands.



Moralists tell us trouble purifies our souls. It may be, but it does considerable nagging of our tempers and hardening of our hearts before purification comes.

He whom love rules walks safe and sacred.

When a girl marries her lover she fondly believes she will have him all to herself. A wife learns that she has less of her husband than any one else in the world.

A man's lies are only white lies when they help to get him out of a black scrape.

It takes a long time for a man to get sense, and a woman never gets it!

The heart uses its best blood to record its vows to duty.

Jealousy is a ferocious beast,—all eyes, all imagination, all selfishness.

To call people peculiar is only a polite way of calling them disagreeable.

A man is so horribly inconsistent in his treatment of woman that if she should try to keep even with all his inconsistencies she would become a human kaleidoscope.

Excuses at the best are only white lies.

It is a question whether all weak natures are not better dead than alive. This fierce world is no battle-ground for the weak to battle in. They but fall by the wayside, and others' strong cars of triumph ride over them.

The way to capture a man is to capture his senses. If you have any wit, the rest of him always follows.

Aggrandizement of self is belittlement of the soul.

Egotism besmirches the most attractive qualities.

Philosophy is easy when one does not love.

The woman who mistakes a man's desire for love and a man's flattery for sentiment soon finds her barque aground on the sands of regret.

Having great faith in one human being gives us greater faith in God.

We love those for whom we suffer more than those for whom we pleasure.



To love is to wait patiently, to sacrifice willingly, to endure uncomplainingly, to die nobly for the loved one.

What is called impetuosity in youth is called crankiness in age.

Men were born to break women's hearts ! And women's hearts seem to be constructed of very brittle material.

When woman loves, she has neither eyes nor ears for other than the loved one. When man loves, however absorbingly, he sees beauty from the tail end of his eye, at least, and has ears for every flattering word.

All the joys in the world are as nothing to the joy you feel when your baby first lisps, "I love you !"

The tenderness and unselfishness in us are sometimes our worst enemies.

The plum just beyond his reach ! The money just without his grasp ! The woman possessed by some one else ! How men struggle for them ! Yet, once the plum is eaten, it is forgotten ! Once the money is obtained, it is spent ! Once the woman is possessed, she becomes a "twice-told tale !"

*God made fools but  
for one purpose,—to die  
and fertilize the soil.*

If you neglect to foster your love and nurture it with caresses and attentions, be sure there is always some one around the corner ready to take the job off your hands for their own benefit.

Love has as many moods as the ocean. It has its flood-tide, when the heart is filled to overflowing with adoration. Its ebb-tide, when love is slowly receding from the heart. Its storms, when jealousy and wrong sweep the soul. Its calms, when love rests peaceful in its harbor. Its froth, when love is only passion. And it has its depths, when to bury one's self in the deep heart of another is all that life contains of the sweetest and the best.

Collectively men are abominable. Individually they are charming.



Complete truthfulness is an impossibility to humanity. The man who would practise absolute truthfulness for a week would find himself in prison or in an insane asylum at the end of it.

If a woman only knew it, a good dose of indifference will do more to bringing a man to his senses than all the scoldings in creation.

The man who yields to woman's caprices is either a philosopher or a fool.

Our illusions die hard sometimes, but when they *are* dead, they are awfully dead.

When a man is a good husband he plumes himself upon it and never lets his wife forget that he considers himself such. When a woman is a good wife, and she mentions the fact occasionally, she is met with the query, "Well, why shouldn't you be?"

Vanity and the devil are first cousins.

A man confesses to age and smiles over it, and thus decreases its apparency. A woman denies age, assumes the frivolities of youth, and thus attracts greater attention to her increased years.

All love has self at the bottom of it, excepting that of a mother for her child.

When women begin to feel youth slip from them they try to lash the remnants into new being, when a graceful acceptance of the inevitable would have made them sweet old ladies instead of sour old females.

Being a woman means self-denial, suffering, resignation, martyrdom. We all know that. But being a woman also means love, protection, luxuries, ease, adulation, and adoration. That is true also.

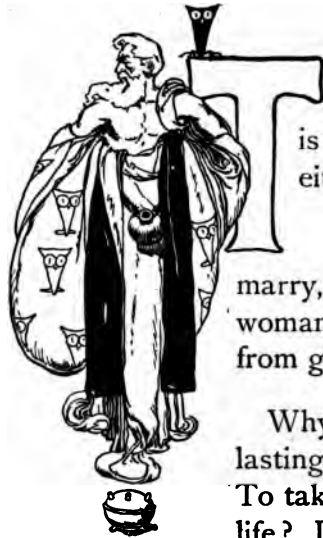
Innocence and ignorance in women are often confounded. A holy innocence is beautiful, but a stupid ignorance is folly.

However much a woman may be shocked at man's advances, she is always flattered by them.

Being a good husband means something else besides keeping a wife's pocket-book full and supplying her with diamonds and servants !

The virtues a man thinks he possesses he holds constantly before his eyes, that he may not forget them or allow any one else to do so.

It is only when husband and wife have taken each other's measure and have learned what the other expects and what the other will not endure, that they settle down to real happiness.



O be a man is to be a drudge. To be a woman is to be a martyr. To be either is hell!

Almost any woman can marry, but it takes a shrewd woman to keep the honeymoon from going into total eclipse.

Why should a woman everlastingly want to be a man? To take the rough and scuff of life? Little fool! Why isn't she content to sit on her silken cushions, in her glass case, and feed on nectar of roses? Why does she cry for her "rights"? It is her "right" to be man's comfort, man's solace, man's holiday.

It is very difficult for a man to concede that his wife is quite so wise as he. It throws his wisdom a little in the shade, and man believes it is *his right* always to occupy the centre of life's stage!

The asinine way in which some women plume themselves upon their little gray matter might lead one to suspect that they possibly possessed a fraction!

However intent a man's brain is on his business, he always has eyes to see a woman and speculate upon her possibilities.

Beware of demure women. They are always dangerous.

Men should not beg women's love. Women hate a beggar. They should command it. Women were born to be commanded.

A woman who has in her the savagery of the devil invariably has in her the sweetness of the saint.

Suffering is the maker of character.

The reason women are so bored by each other is because they read their own faults in each other.

When a man is jealous, proceed to get into a towering rage at his imputations. The rage will startle him, and he will forget to demand explanations ; and, besides, explanations always imply guilt.

A very handsome man is very much handicapped. His own sex dislike him for his beauty, and the other sex constantly tempt him towards the devil, and generally succeed in getting him well on the road !



If a man looked as closely to the quality of his morals as he does to the quality of his investments, he would become a saint.

Friendship between women means one of two things,—an axe to grind or a man in the case.

A man is never so much in love with one woman that he cannot at least dream of the possibilities of other women.

A woman is never so much in love that she is deaf to the speeches of other men appealing to her vanity.

A woman scoffs at the flattering approaches of other men, but that is only a bluff put up for the benefit of her husband !

Every man needs some woman to hang on to his coat-tails to keep him from going to the devil.

A woman is born with virtue, a man has to acquire it.

When a man lies it is to better the circumstance or position in which he may be placed. A woman lies because it is her nature to lie.

A man loves a woman because she's a woman. A woman loves a man for the want of something better to love !

One may possess a dozen sterling qualities, but if you add selfishness they are all obliterated.

It is Fate that gives us happiness, just as it is Fate that gives us whooping-cough and measles.

Egotism is nourished or crushed in us by the opinion of others.

Love is merely a matter of attraction. Wisdom and worth have nothing to do with it.

A man's love is as deep as the sea until he finds himself drowning in it—when he splutters and flounders until he reaches the dry land of indifference and infidelity. A woman's love may be only as deep as the brook, but, like it, "it goes on forever!"

Marriage is a bluff put up by two people as an exhibition of happiness.

The price we pay for love is sometimes a high one; but those who have secured the genuine article never seem to complain of the expenditure.

Life is a great big sham parade,—all tinsel and torchlight. The tinsel fades, the torchlights go out, and there is only left that great unknown quantity—Eternity!

Female stock is like all other stock,—increases in value in proportion to its scarcity.

Love is a sea of trouble upon which every one wants to launch his boat, even though he knows it will swamp.

This talk about men ruling women is such blatant nonsense! As if there ever was a man who wore trousers that a woman's cajolings and a woman's caresses couldn't make putty of!

An American man puts his wife on a pedestal and his children on little steps around her. He is perfectly content to stand at the foot to worship and work for them. An Englishman mounts the pedestal himself, leaving his wife and children to find their appropriate places at his lordly feet. A Frenchman makes a great deal of noise about worshipping his family, but that is bluster to blind your eyes to a little private establishment of his own. A German puts his wife and children on a plane with himself—no better, sometimes a little bit worse.

Love is true and beautiful and walks along the straight path of rectitude until he meets Temptation and Opportunity arm in arm. As they are both females, the combination is very often too much for him.

The world is a dingy workshop in which we grope and struggle, with an occasional touch from God's hand to encourage us.

The world is turned by the wheels of vanity, and flattery is the grease. Everybody is vain of something or other. Flatter! flatter! flatter! That's the way to get on! Some people want it laid on with a shovel. Others you have to use a fine camel's-hair brush! But the principle and precept of a success in life are to flatter.

You have only to study human nature long enough to find it entirely disgusting.

Jealous people are always suspicious of the wrong person and crazy at the wrong time.

Duty! duty! How many tears are shed in thy name! How many rough roads are crossed! How many burdens are borne to keep in the narrow path of duty!

There is no salve for the wounds of life like the salve of affection given by one we love.

Man is an inflammable piece of goods and woman is the match.

All women are fools in some form, and all men are villains in some direction.



*If men would pursue honor and religion as they pursue women and riches, the devil would be soon out of a job.*

Suspicion is always knocking at the door of Faith, and Jealousy is always trying to push her through.

If very virtuous people were not so maddeningly stupid, it might be more of an incentive to follow in their footsteps.

Playing with fire may mean only pastime to a man. It means tragedy to a woman.

My toast is to woman ! the theme is old, if the woman is not ! Woman ! that monument of beauty, of torment, of soft cajoleries, of sweet caresses, of crocodile tears ! Woman ! the being we cannot live without, and the being it drives us crazy to live with ! God bless her ! God help her ! She needs it !

Marriage is too often a cemetery of dead hopes and lost illusions.

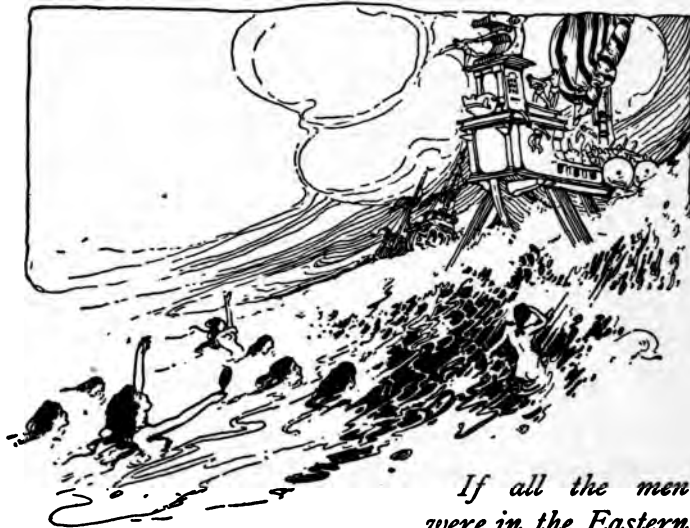
The man who can say "No" to a woman when her soft arms are around his neck and her pleading eyes are on his face is either a philosopher or a wretch.

We laugh at past follies. We philosophize over future follies. We drink deep of present ones.

Why should a woman quarrel with a man when she has such weapons as Jealousy and Indifference to bring him to terms ?

Always keep a man a little bit jealous. Masculinity does not value what it can hold easily.

Forbid a woman a thing, and that's the thing she will plan and scheme to attain, even if it's of no more value than a handkerchief upon which to weep her tears of repentance.



*If all the men  
were in the Eastern  
Hemisphere and all the women in the Western,  
all the men would learn to build boats and all the  
women would learn to swim to meet the boats half-  
way !*

Our egotism smears us all over with our own importance ; but a few hard knocks against the sharp corners of the world reveal how very thin the coating was.

Time writes his wrinkles. Care carves his crevices on the heart. But there is always love to efface the wrinkles and Faith to fill up the crevices.

Go down deep into your soul and wash it free of its vices, and then drink the water and commence all over again !

Grind your axe—every one does—but grind it sharp enough to cut a goodly branch from the world's cherry-tree.

If there were no scandals in Society it would be compelled to go out of business for want of material.

A woman's vanity is like the everlasting flowers we see in the undertaker shops. It needs no nourishing or watering to keep it alive.

If you are in doubt of those you love, probably the foundation of virtue is not very solid under your own feet.

Don't plan how to do this, that, and the other. *Do it*, and then plan afterwards how to get out of the scrape.

If there were no men in Society all the women would enter a nunnery. If there were no women in Society all the men would raze the nunnery.

A man will see a pretty woman through a Chinese wall, while he is too obtuse to notice a homely one being smashed by a steam-engine !



Sleep and Death! The two balms that no wounded spirit is denied!

Husbands who so suavely explain the whys and wherefores of their movements have invariably *one* movement they wish to conceal.

When women are excessively virtuous, they are usually excessively plain or excessively stupid.

If men obeyed the dictates of conscience as they obey the dictates of women, all the saints in Paradise would be on the back row.

Happiness is a rare plant with but very few blossoms.

Marriage is a hard way some women have of making a living.

It is curious that a man as big as an ox, as strong as a lion, stern with his fellows, bitter with his enemies, relentless in money matters, cold as the North Pole to inferiors, will allow a little bit of fluffy femininity to make a puff-ball of him!

Love has its four seasons—Longing, Possession, Satisfaction, Indifference.

Manage a man through his heart. Manage a woman through her vanity.

Love is a blatant idealizer. We imagine the loved one possessed of virtues from which they are miles removed and impute qualities to them of which they have not the shadow of a conception.

Happiness stands on a frail precipice and Fate stands just behind her, biding his time to push her over into the chasm of Misery!

A man can stand a woman's nagging, a woman's jealousy, a woman's fury better than he can stand a woman's indifference.

Temptation is a persistent caller, but at least you need not entertain him with the easiest chair in the house!



An unlovable woman is a blot upon creation's face.

Satiety is the rock on which love splits.

A man might have the ability to be President of the United States, and a woman would not prize it unless it was accompanied with the ability to draw fifty thousand dollars per annum!

To forgive one insult is to invite another.

He who pardons infidelity once must make up his mind to pardon it a thousand times.

If woman could forget herself long enough to say her prayers, possibly they might get higher than the ceiling !

For an out-and-out, superlative degree, dyed-in-the-wool, eighteen-karat fool commend me to a man !

Masculinity thinks it has a mortgage on the world the moment it gives its first yell for its rights ! It seems to be imbued with that idea all the way along.

When a woman has a real temptation in front of her she invariably plays and dallies with it awhile, as a cat does a mouse. Sometimes she kills it and turns bravely away. And, alas ! sometimes she devours it to her nauseating sorrow.

There is no temptation strong enough to assail the heart that truly loves.

It is the small economies that rasp one's soul ; the small annoyances that try one's temper ; the small people that weary one's brain ; the accumulation of small troubles that break one's heart.

The more bereaved widows are the more willing are they to be consoled.

The microscope that you are putting on the defects of others may have a reflector back of it that will show up your own.

So long as a woman keeps something in reserve for a man to pursue and attempt to fathom so long will she be interesting to him.

When a man points to his wife as *his* proud possession, there is always in his eye the exclamation "See what *I* have captured and remodelled!"

Genius is not so much heaven-sent as it is love-sent.

If woman's vanity was less easily played upon, men's morals would be stronger.

Many a man that a woman puts on a pedestal finds his level among his own sex.

Beware of the silent woman. It is the explosive woman who has nothing to conceal.

Suspicion of others creates the suspicion that others might not be far amiss to be suspicious of you.

It's a fearful bore sometimes to be so ultra respectable!

When you wish to impress a man, fill him up with the idea that no one else was ever keen enough to fathom his true character or deep enough to divine his true worth.

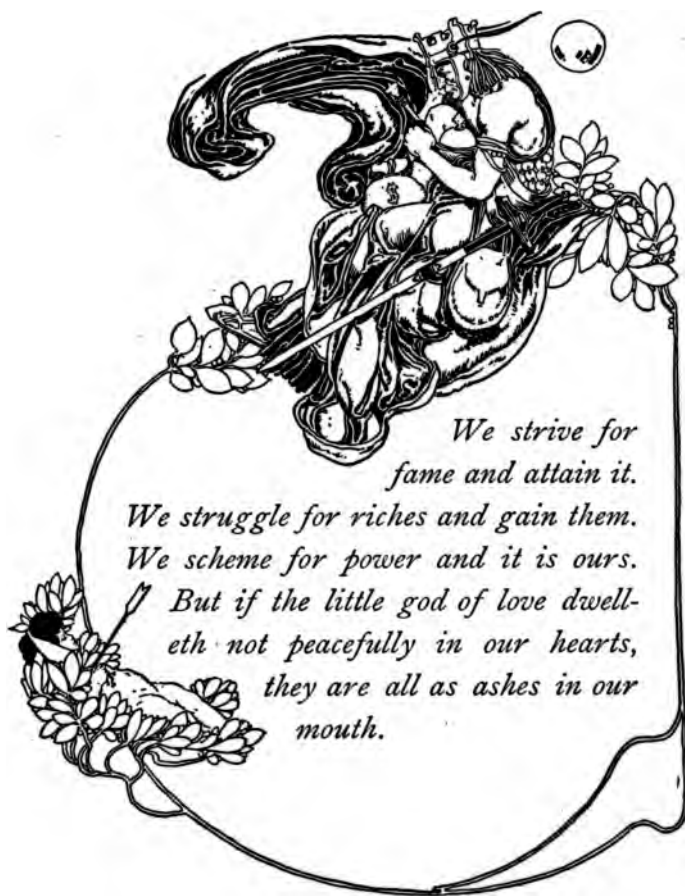
Even when you know it yourself, never let a man know you are as wise as he. He does so enjoy standing on a pedestal! and it were a pity to tumble the poor peacock off!

A woman has only to flatter a man long enough and strong enough, and he will turn the world topsy-turvy for her!

When you feel particularly superior to your fellow-beings, try and remember that it is more than likely that your especial ancestors were the ugliest and most brainless apes in all monkeydom!

When you are rebelling at the Almighty for not dealing you out more cake and wine, stand aghast with wonder that He allows you even bread! You are continually giving *Him* a stone!

There is a mountain of good in every one, and it isn't necessary to dig into the mountain hunting for the artesian well of wickedness.



*We strive for  
fame and attain it.  
We struggle for riches and gain them.  
We scheme for power and it is ours.  
But if the little god of love dwell-  
eth not peacefully in our hearts,  
they are all as ashes in our  
mouth.*

Jealousy is a tacit acknowledgment of guilt in one's self.

What is tact or diplomacy to one is damnable hypocrisy to another.

Vanity has lost more women than desire.

Many a woman goes to hell through sheer curiosity to see what the devil looks like and how he manages his household !

Retribution may be halt and lame and slow, but it never fails of its goal.

To pursue the even tenor of one's way, to do one's daily duty, to bear uncomplainingly the cross Christ sees fit to put upon us, to remember the golden rule in all the transactions of life is a pretty sure passport to heaven, in spite of all dogmas and creeds.

To prove his superiority, Adam grandly accepted the apple Eve offered. To prove his inferiority, he laid the blame all on her when it gave him the stomach-ache !

"She tempted me, and I did eat," was Adam's song in the beginning, and his sons have repeated the refrain ever since from grand opera down to rag-time !

When a woman confesses her interest in a man, she is about ready to sing "The conquering hero (!) comes."

When a woman succumbs an inch, it is only a question of time when the man gains a mile.

Remorse is a sore that burns deeper than cancer.

A man must be trained by a woman before he is in any way endurable.

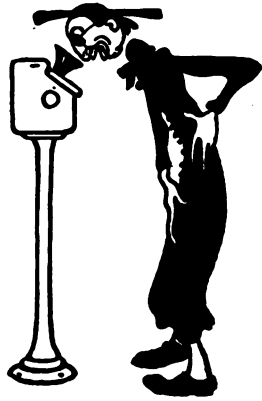
When a man is ill, every petticoat within a radius of ten squares has to dance attendance. When a woman is ill, she is left to the tender mercies of hirelings and servants, with the accompaniment, "Why the devil do women have to get sick?"

We are always suspicious that others will play the same cards that we did to gain our ends.

Many a man's egotism mistakes a woman's diplomacy for adoration and a woman's flattery for passion.

There are three steps to capture a man. First, covertly admire; second, openly flatter; third, cunningly tempt,—and the devil will finish the job for you!





*More women—and. perhaps more men—have been lost through curiosity than through desire.*

When a man is delightful, it is because he has been made so by some delightful woman.

There are women who would rather be clean than virtuous. And who dare say they are wholly in the wrong?

A woman bitterly resents any wanderings from her fascinations, but she continually forgets that she must keep them in flourishing condition if she expects to retain her devotees.

Temptation Keen,  
Desire Keener,  
Regret Keenest!

A woman may be as big a villain as a man, but she never can be as big a fool.

The fidelity that has to be fought for is not worth the powder.

Do not regret your experiences, even though bitter. Every experience develops the character, and an undeveloped character is worse than a stunted tree.

It is what a soul *is*, and not what it *appears* to be, that counts with the Almighty.

A stanch fidelity stands firmly on its feet and courts observation. A wavering or waning fidelity is always armed with lame excuses that limp themselves into detection.

After all is said and done, the love in your baby's eyes is the only love that has not an axe to grind back of it.

There is no man, I care not *who* he is, who is really worth the struggle a woman makes to keep him.

When a man or a woman begins to traduce the opposite sex, there is "something rotten in the state of Denmark!"

Passion never laughs. If she did, she must be convulsed with mirth at the vagaries of her votaries.

The stronger a man is with his fellows the weaker he is with women.

Man is a wobbley-wobbley creature when a woman's hand pulls the string. He hasn't a leg to stand on when a woman's eyes are smiling into his.

A woman's imagination invests the man she is interested in with a sort of halo ; and very often he is about as worthy of the halo as Judas was worthy of Christ's forgiveness.

There are millions of women who would not step over the line that divides morality from immorality, but there isn't one who would not like to take a peek over it.

I take it, that if we positively knew what a pleasant gateway Death opened for us to a happier existence, the earth would be depopulated in twenty-four hours.

Ambition climbs to the top of the ladder, leaving duty, love, and pleasure to weep at the base. When the top rung is reached, the ladder falls, and Ambition lies helpless and bleeding under the ruins !

Many a man would be moral if he did not fear the laughter of his own sex. Many a woman would be immoral if she did not fear the sneers of her own sex.

The lighter our love is the better able we are to express it. When love is deep, words fail us.

Positively refuse to be unhappy. The flowers of happiness are thick by the wayside. Pluck them and wear them like a garland of light upon your brow.

The regret of a woman who loses her lover is often in proportion to the size of his pocket-book.

A woman is never so blinded by tears that she cannot watch their effect upon the one for whose benefit they are being shed.

The reason widows get on better with men than girls do is because they know from experience what a great puff of wind a man is, and how easily he collapses.

A man will have flattery, and wise the woman who can administer it deftly, coyly, convincingly.

A man will build his whole life on wise lines ; when suddenly Folly, in some tempting form, will upset the structure, and he stands a confessed fool.



At twenty love is a rosy dream, at thirty it is a thrilling reality, at forty it is a calm contentment, at fifty it is a reminiscence.

In youth they are follies. In maturity they are experiences. In age they are idiocies.

One of the strong requisites of a strong manhood is a strong regard for his word. A man who breaks his word would break the law or break a heart.

Men are always faithful—to other men's wives!

Why is it so impossible to wholly dislike the person, no matter how contemptible he may be, who tickles our vanity?

Hold tight to it and fight for it, and the thing is yours,—from a nation to a woman.

Morals are things other people have no business to be without.

Life isn't a question of what one likes, but what one ought.

Man is a puppet, and when a woman pulls the string he performs just about the sort of antics she intended he should.

It takes no end of women to educate one man.

Man makes a great bluster and blare of trumpets about ruling the world. Woman stands in the background and laughs up her sleeve at the great splendid animal who dares not say his soul's his own when she raises her tiniest finger.

Pride picks us up so many times when Trouble knocks us down !

Love is sometimes pathetic, never ludicrous, always tragic.

It is dignity for a man to grow old. It is crime for a woman.

The people who humor our fads and fail to notice our shortcomings are always such nice, appreciative people !

To entice, persuade, allure a man until he is drunk with her temptations, and then to laugh at his weakness, that is woman's way !

It is only a fool who believes he is of any importance in the world.

Marriage is like the game of poker,—one huge bluff !

A man always hugs the delusion to his heart that he is not growing old as fast as his wife is.

When your husband or lover is unusually amiable, look for the *faux pas* he is trying to atone for!

Cynicism is experience gone to seed.

We always believe the success of our neighbors is the direct result of the good advice we gave them.

When Love begins to make excuses, he is beginning to show the tail-feather.

If virtue is its own reward, what a shameless lot of unappreciative people we are.

If "God gives us our friends," I leave it to you if it isn't the devil who sometimes gives us our relations!

So long as there is an element of danger or doubt in it, so long will a man find fascination in the pursuit of a woman.

Our ability to choose between right and wrong usually depends on how much is in the right and how tempting is the wrong.

The regret with which we look back upon past follies is only equalled by the eagerness with which we rush into new ones.



*Every man's shoulder has a hollow in it in which  
some woman's head should fit.*

A woman can talk sentiment. It goes without saying that she can talk nonsense. She might possibly talk wisdom. But it is completely beyond her to talk business.

The wit of our friends is always in proportion to how sharply it hits us.



The more relatives you have the less peace you have. The more friends you have the less money you have.

Fraud, deception, and hypocrisy stalk boldly in at the front gate, while conscience knocks timidly at the back door.

The wheel of Fate goes relentlessly on its way, regardless of prayers, tears, or curses.

One can forgive a man almost anything if he but have a little wit to redeem his idiosyncrasies.

That woman is best guarded who guards herself.

The heart to which you are indifferent is usually the heart that would shed its life's blood for you.

When everything else fails, try supreme indifference, and see how many hits you'll score!

A starved stomach is easier to bear than a starved heart.

A man who is a hero to his wife is a hero indeed.

The cooing, sugary woman is only coating her pill before she gives it to you to swallow.

Every woman's promises should be taken with a pinch of salt and every man's with a barrel of it!

Women are the inspiration for all men's good deeds, and, alas! the excuse for all their bad ones.

Why can't some genius make a recipe for marriage that has not blasé-ism for its principal ingredient?

The woman who is meek as Moses before marriage is the one who leans back against her marriage-certificate and defies you afterwards.

The ordinary woman is a stewing-pan, and the ingredients she puts in her pan to stew over make men swear and gods shiver.

A beautiful woman believes the universe was created as a background to witness her conquests.

Woman's nature is capable of loftiest heights and lowliest depths. Man's nature, being mediocre, stays on the middle plane.

A roué often makes the best of husbands, as a woman of experience often makes the wisest mother.



MARRIAGE is a necessity for a woman. It is insanity for a man.

The follies of our youth ! How silly they were ! The sins of our maturity ! How deeply they cut !  
May the prayers of old age atone !

The most exasperating thing in dealing with a fool is his serene unconsciousness of being one.

The fool man is ubiquitous. The fool woman is an event.

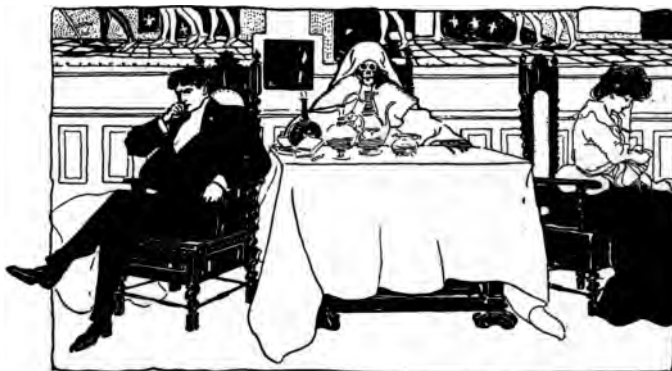
The only way to make an indelible impression on a man's heart is to break it.

A man betrays his character by his eyes. A woman by her mouth.

All men are alike in but one particular,—*some* have conscience !

Good people do one of two things,—bore you or better you. Bad people antipathize or amuse you.

We take religion in homœopathic doses to avoid hell in allopathic ones.



*A whited sepulchre sits at your table when perfect love is not there.*

Women are like porcupines,—must be stroked the right way or they prick !

A compliment flatters a fool and disgusts a wise man.

In the see-saw of life the fellow who is up too often makes the mistake that he will always stay up and the other fellow will always stay down.

Women's hearts are like Yale locks,—no two alike, and but one man carries the key to fit it.

It is not that women *should* obey men. It is only necessary to *appear* to. Men are so easily reassured.

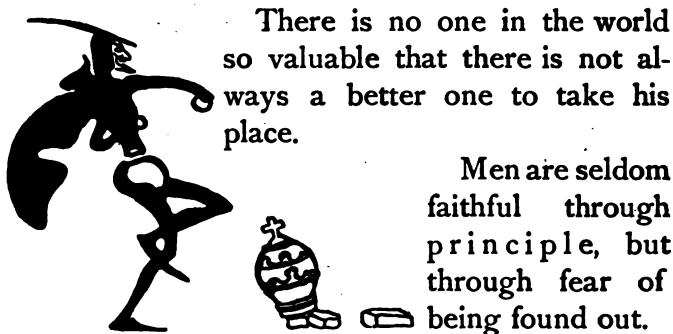
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The majority of women are so consumed with vanity they take it for granted a man must be as absorbed in them as they are in themselves. When the elusive biped takes it into his head to seek other distractions than making "odes to his lady's eyebrow" she is aghast at his audacious bad taste!

Men and women are like some foods,—flat and tasteless, unless well-seasoned with the salt of knowledge and the pepper of experience.

Life is a disease,—Love is the doctor, and Death the cure.

Marriage is contagious, courageous, pugnacious.



There is no one in the world so valuable that there is not always a better one to take his place.

Men are seldom faithful through principle, but through fear of being found out.

The only way to kill a woman's vanity is to kill her; and then ten to one if the corpse isn't wondering if the shroud fits!



*Death levels all our egotism, all our pride of place and power.*

The two worst abominations on the face of God's green earth are a male prig and a woman prude!

Perhaps the reason a roué makes a good husband is because he has had such opportunities to know the deficiencies of other husbands!

We run away from Vice,—after it palls! We stay with Virtue,—after we are old or lame!

To be beautiful is the card of entrée to men's hearts.



*If woman but knew her power and would rise  
in her might, there isn't a man on the face of the  
earth that wouldn't crawl at her feet.*

Ladies, a bit of advice in-dealing with man :  
Use him, not abuse him.  
School him, not fool him.  
Land him, not strand him.

A man's excuse is always, "She tempted me!"  
A woman's, "I loved him!"

Marriage is a protracted case of ennui.

Love sits in the cart, but it takes the mare  
Money to pull it!

Success depends upon the ability to "smile and  
smile and be a villain still."

There is no woman so grief-stricken that she doesn't wonder if mourning will be becoming to her.

One goes through the narrow portal of pain and death alone. Through the wide-open door of pleasure and prosperity a fawning crowd is at your heels.

The people who moralize afterwards are always the people who yield easiest to temptation beforehand.

Pleasure may unfortunately be your god until you are twenty-five, but then let Wisdom be your inspiration until you are fifty, and Religion your consolation until death drops the curtain.

Convince a man that you love him, but do not fear him ; that you respect him and his opinions, but still have opinions of your own, and you secure his entire devotion.







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